THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

FOR JULY 1862,

Is now ready, commencing a new volume. It contains contributions from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES AUCHESTER," BAYARD TAYLOR, LOUIS AGASSIZ, and other popular writers.

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VOL. 5. NO. 131.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JUNE 28,

1862.

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GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

"THERE!—I'VE NAILED YOU TO THE WALL!"

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
FOR
JULY, 1862.
Is Ready To-day.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
AUTHOR OF "CHA'S AUCHESTER."
BAYARD TAYLOR,
LOUIS AGASSIZ,
And other Popular Writers.

The July Number is now ready, with the following contents:

Chiefly about War Matters; The Poet to his Readers; Friend Eli's Daughter; The Children's Cities; Ericsson and his Inventions; Some Soldier's Poetry; Froude's Henry Eighth; Lyrics of the Street.—The Wedding; Presence: The Minute Guns; Originality; Why their Creeds Differed; Taxation no Burden; Moving; Methods of Study in Natural History, Reviews and Literary Notices.

BEGINNING OF A NEW VOLUME.

The present number commences the TENTH VOLUME of the ATLANTIC. The fact that 10,000 copies have been added to the regular circulation of this Magazine since the beginning of this year is sufficient evidence of the favor with which the public regard the ATLANTIC.

The TENTH VOLUME will contain a great variety of the best articles in all departments of literature. Its pages will be strengthened as heretofore, by thoughtful and patriotic political papers from the best pens in the country. In the department of Novels and Stories, the ATLANTIC will in future be specially well supplied, some of our most popular writers being now engaged on Romances and Tales for its columns.

The late THEODORE WINTHROP, the author of "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent," left a most interesting journal of his travels, which will appear shortly in the ATLANTIC, with the title of "Life in the Open Air." The record is full of adventure.

Professor LOWELL and Professor AGASSIZ will continue their popular contributions, so widely welcomed at home and abroad.

The Atlantic Staff of Writers in prose and poetry comprises many of the best names in American literature. Among them are

James Russell Lowell,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Henry W. Longfellow,
John G. Whittier,
Louis Agassiz,
E. P. Whipple,
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NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

Mrs Pimple. "DON'T TELL ME IT'S GOING TO THE ASTOR LIBRARY YOU ARE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, MR. P.—YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT IT SHUTS UP AT SUNDOWN, MR. P.—JUST ABOUT THE TIME CREMORNE GARDENS OPEN, MR. P!"

PLATED VESSELS.

The following advertisement appeared in a late number of the Philadelphia *Press:*

OWNER WANTED.—A pair of Brittannia teapots are at the Twenty-second ward station-house awaiting an owner The thief from whom they were taken refused to tell from whence he had stolen them. Those persons who have lost such articles should go to the station house and see if they can identify the property.

We think that these vessels are very suspicious, and ought to be detained as contraband, especially if they belong to BRITANNIA, who is always ready to get up a tempest in a teapot Should BRITANNIA call for her teapots at the station house, we really think she ought to be detained, as we are by no means confident with regard to her intentions toward this country. To be fore-warned is to be fore-armed, and the Plate of BRITANNIA should be viewed with reserve.

Latest Improvement in Artillery.

OPDYKE'S Ord'nance for pounding dogs. Singular to say, the only way in which the poor animals can escape the deadly canon is by putting their heads into the muzzle. Some friend of the oppressed canine race should write a dogmatic pamphlet on the subject under the title of "Yelper's Crisis."

Manners of the Japs.

The London papers mention with disgust that the Japanese Ambassadors use as substitutes for pocket-handkerchiefs bits of rag, which they carry in their bosoms. Why does not *Punch* give the dirty wretches a Wipe. It is also stated that the Japs suck their fingers after dinner—a proof that although they eschew opium they are fond of digit-alis.

Benediction Appropriate for a Departing Express Wagon.

Packs Vobiscum.

PERTINENT INQUIRIES BY A SOUTHERN BELLE.

Why sleeps my wonted tuneful lute?
Why rust the keys of Frederick's flute,
On which he could so sweetly toot?

Why do my dusty books in vain
Suggest full many a thrilling strain—
I warbled once with might and main?

Why are my sisters' tones so shrill!
Why do their looks my spirits chill?
Whom do the dearies mean to kill?

Why do they shock the feeling world,
With *lips* as well as *tresses* curled,
And billingsgate so fiercely hurled?

Why do our Southern leaders vie,
When stern Truth stares them in the eye,
In spreading wide the latest lie?

Why do the men who seem to itch
For a noble place in Glory's niche,
Not lay their bones in that "last ditch?"

Why are our skies so slow to clear?
Why are we strongest in the rear?
Why are Spring goods so awful dear?

Why (though I scorn to sigh and fret,
However warm,) is our sweet pet,
Our Newport dear not taken yet?

Why do we still keep up the slaughter,
In almost every other quarter,
Yet make no stand for Congress Water?

I really wish they'd end the war,
Before the season's over,—or
Have something up worth fighting for.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The managers of the Academy of Music, ever anxious to cater to the wishes of an Intelligent, Enlightened and Cash Paying Public, and believing that Variety is the Allspice of Art, beg with the Utmost Humility, to announce the following Programme of Performances for Every Evening of Next Week.

1. THE ORCHESTRA will be divided into TWO GRAND ORCHESTRAS, which will simultaneously play the Overtures to ZAMPA and the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, producing a Thrilling Effect!
2. SET TO between the BUTCHER OF THE BLOODY SIXTH and the BOWERY BUFFER.
3. One Act and Two Thirds of ANY OPERA called for by the Audience.
4. TAMBOURINE SOLO, by SIG. BONES.
5. LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE, by P. T. BARNUM, esq.
6. WOODEN SHOE HORNPIPE, by AN AMATEUR
7. THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY (By the kind permission of the American Anti-Slavery Society.)
8. TAMING OF SEVERAL HORSES, more or less wild, by PROF. RAREY.
9. SHORT SERMON, by HENRY WARD BEECHER (with a COMIC SONG)
10. REPUBLICAN SPEECH, by HORACE GREELEY. (By kind permission of SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, esq)
11. VIRGINIA BREAKDOWN, by SIX GENUINE CONTRABANDS.

°°° TICKETS (including a Glass of Ale) Sixpence. Pipes Allowed in the Parquette,. Opportunities for several FREE FIGHTS will be furnished in the course of the evening,

Ingratitude.

We notice that several of our Union Prisoners complain that their Confederate Captain gave them nothing to eat; whereas they ought, considering the condition of the Rebel Commissaria', to be thankful that their Confederate Captain didn't eat them.

JOURNEY OF A REBEL OFFICER.

In Search of the Last Ditch.

I started on the first day of June, from my headquarters, to find the Last Ditch; a place I have been seeking for some time. Being in a wild country, and having no money, I took

An Economical Conveyance,

and proceeded several miles toward the South. At first, I thought of going Northward, but after mature deliberation and counsel with friends, I decided that a trip in the latter direction might be made unpleasant by many

Little Obstacles,

with which I was not prepared to cope. Accordingly, I journeyed downward, into the land of song and beauty, my own dear Sunny South; perfumed all through the year by sweet flowers, and

Haunted by Birds.

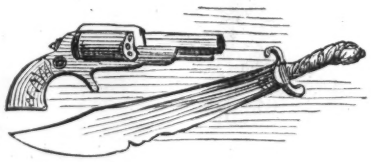
The sight of thrifty planters, burning their cotton, tobacco, etc., to get ashes for manure, gladdened my heart in many regions; but what pleased me most was the display of earnest men who were determined to drive the invaders from our soil. The military I saw were really terrifying in their attitude, and when the decisive moment comes, I am sure they will be found

As Brave As Any.

I will pledge my life that if the hirelings of Lincoln meet these unflinching and immovable guardians of our property, without being driven from the land, I will freely own that I have been suffering under

A Great Mistake.

On the third day of my journey, I fell in with a well-known Union man, to whom I applied for a trifling loan. He had money, but declined parting with it. A warm discussion ensued between us, and I succeeded, at length, in persuading him to lend me all he had, with his watch, boots, etc. This was the result of a dexterous use of certain



Unanswerable Arguments

familiar to every Southern Gentleman. Shortly after this adventure, I arrived at the Mississippi shore, and wished to cross, but was told that the Confederate Army was

Retiring,

so I started toward the coast. Travelled for a week in this direction, and finally neared a formerly important shipping town, which I knew well. Here, however, I found none of my friends. The fortifications bore the hated flag of our enemies, and further progress would have been hazardous, on account of the

Untoward Circumstances

that surrounded the place. Turning my face toward the Gulf, then, I pursued my way, hoping to find the happy region of rest we have so often promised ourselves.

In this trip I encountered many hardships, and narrowly escaped capture, several times. I foiled my foes, however, by making some of those brilliant strategetic movements which have delighted all military men, North and South; in fact, just

What the Southerners Always Make,

and ere long found myself in another village, which had—in years gone by, been a prosperous sea-port on the Gulf. This place, I was pained to see, was

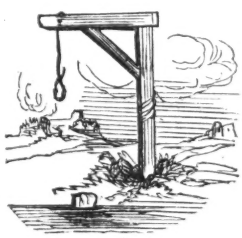
A Little Out of Repair,

like most of the Southern towns at present, so I did not linger

there; especially as I learned that a fleet of gunboats was hovering about that part of the coast; which information I received from

A True Son of the South,

who lived near by. At this juncture, I began to despair of finding the Last Ditch at all. I had discovered that I was hemmed in on the North, the West, the East, and the South; so I took to the woods, whence I now write. I am considerably discomfited by my reflections, and feel great doubts as to the result of the struggle. It may be, however, that something will turn up, and that I shall finally receive



The Reward of Chivalry.

HORRID TORRID!

This plethora of heat turns red,
  Pedestrians plethoric,
And even men of coolest head
  Grow choleric with caloric.
Good Protestants at church commix,
  Too hot for adoration,
While at confession—Catholics—
  Tell beads of perspiration.

Shinners through Wall Street plod their way,
  In melting mood, to borrow,
And swear as forth they go to-day—
  'Tis hotter than Gomorrah.
Lawyers than law-books—void of joke—
  Would rather read "The Caxtons;"
They feel too much like burning Coke—
  To dip into their Blackstones.

You take a well-iced vinous drink,
  No pleasure thereby winning,
For hang it, quicker than a wink,
  The Cobbler's in your linen.
Ladies can't shop; and thus from toll—
  Heat saves their husbands' wallets,
Because they cannot parry Sol
  With little parasoletts.

Certes the City's blazing hot,
  The very flagstones glister,
And every shaft by Phœbus shot—
  Makes where it hits a blister.
But don't to rural scenes resort,
  Where skip the sheep and heifers,
'Tis cooler in the Park, where sport
  The Rus-in-urbe-an Zephyrs.

Joke of the Season.

An English newspaper man, chronicling the arrival of Prince Alfred at some railway station or another on the 17th of May, speaks of him as an August visitor. Is not this an anachronism?

[ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.]

WEEKLY PAPERS! WEEKLY PAPERS! *Tribune*, *Herald and Times*! Read the following tables of contents, and see if you can refrain from sending in your orders at once!

The *Weekly Tribune* will contain these articles:

I.—Emancipation, or Defeat? Fremont and George Washington.
II.—Slavery the Cause of all Evil.
III.—Five Hundred Reasons Why All Young Men Should Go Out West.
IV.—The Best Guns for Our Army.
V.—About Gun-making.
VI.—Where to Get Good Guns, Cheap.
VII.—"Just Once" More: A Defense of Fremont.
VIII.—Slaves flayed alive and rolled in Red Pepper. A fact.
IX.—Superiority of the Yellow Complexion.
X.—Slavery Worse than Rebellion: Fremont's Plan.
XI.—Why we Ought to make Slaves of our Prisoners of War.
XII.—St. Domingo Redivivus: How to End the War in Ten Days.

The *Weekly Times* will shortly be ready, with the following valuable contents:

I.—The Stevens Battery: A Vindication.
II.—Superiority of the *Naugatuck* over the *Monitor*.
III.—How to Build Iron-Clad Batteries.
IV.—Lives of Great Inventors. No. 1, Stevens.
V.—The Great Hoboken Battery.
VI.—Large Mailed Vessels Wanted for Harbor Defence.
VII—Correction: The Stevens' Battery.
VIII.—Stevens *versus* Ericsson.
IX.—Explanation: The Stevens' Battery.
X.—Letter from Mr. Stevens.

The *Weekly Herald* contains articles under the annexed titles:

I.—Greeley, Jeff. Davis & Co.
II.—The Rebels Less Vile than the Abolitionists.
III.—Some Palliation for the Rebellion.
IV.—Good Discipline of the Rebel Army.
V.—Poor Greeley: A Subject for the Gallows.
VI.—Slavery the Source of Our National Wealth.
VII.—The Bright Side of the Rebellion.
VIII.—The Absurdity of Punishing Treason in a Republic.
IX.—Inviolability of States.
X.—Editorial Courtesy: Greeley as a Blackguard.
XI—Greatness of *The Herald*.
XII.—Our Circulation.
XIII.—Decay of the Abolition Press.
XIV.—Yachting, (with a Map of Plum Gut.)
XV.—The Best Paper for Advertisers: *The Herald* Ahead!
XVI.—*News*, for Family Reading.—Murder in the Sixth Ward.—A Mother Kills her Child.—Revolting Outrage on an Old Lady.—Curious *Crim. Con.* Case.—Parricide.—Suicide.—Fratricide.—Double Elopement.—A Gay Deceiver.—Three Horrible Murders; etc.

℅ All those who favor the dissemination and increase of a mild form of Idiocy, are recommended to purchase and read these three valuable papers. For sale by newsmen, respectable and otherwise.

Ex "Post" Facto.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* accounts in the following satisfactory manner for the fact of General Fremont maintaining a foreign staff. The General is supposed to be addressing a soldier, by whom he is anxious to send a message, and says:

"Can you speak English enough to deliver an order?" The man stared, but said not a word. "*Estce que vous pouvier parlez en Francais?*"

A still more blank expression pervaded the gentleman's visage.

Now here is our opinion with regard to the above. Either General Fremont has good cause for an action against the *Evening Post*, for slander, or he is fully justified in arranging to Lick the enemy by attaching Foreign Tongues to his staff. Nor should we be surprised to learn that the gentleman of the "blank expression" has collapsed into a state of snivelling idiocy by this time, if the exasperating gibberish attributed to General Fremont by the *Evening Post* was actually addressed to the poor fellow.

A Navy Item.

The termination of the Nave of the Great Exhibition building in London is marked, we are told, by an obelisk.

Now, they are welcome to terminate their Naves with obelisks as much as they please, in England; but when our Federal authorities here catch Floyd, and a few other birds of that feather, we hardly think that the erection by which the termination of those Knaves is likely to be marked will come under the denomination of an "obelisk."

"BRICKS ARE NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS MANUFACTURE."

(*Vide Tax Bill.*)

THE HUMBLE BEE.

BY AN ADMIRER OF THE LATE DR. WATTS.

How doth the New Orleans *Bee*,
Collapse from hour to hour,
Beneath BEN BUTLER'S gallows tree,
Like a dejected flower!

How curiously it doth excel
In dodging of the whacks,
That BUTLER maketh sharply tell
Upon rebellious backs!

And is it not rare sport to twig
What rich apologies,
The *Bee* doth yield in globules big,
When BUTLER it doth squeeze?

The abject tears that trickle through
Its confiscated types,
Since BUTLER hung the traitor, who,
Hauled down the Stars and Stripes?

And so will B. B. have his fling
At all the rebel crew,
Getting them tightly on a string,
For 'tis his nature to.

Parisian Slang.

The Paris *Moniteur* says, "the Emperor is gone to *Vichy*." It was hinted some time ago that LOUIS NAPOLEON would visit the Queen of England during the Great Exhibition, but surely this is a very indecorous way of announcing the event.

Southern Ingratitude.

The Southerners are fond of boasting over their cups that they are independent of the North; but what would their flowing Bolls be worth in the absence of Whitney's Gin?

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PECCARY, OR MEXICAN PIG.

This little animal is sometimes called the Fighting Pig, on account of its pugnacious propensities. When pressed by dogs it gets its back against a tree, and changes its color in a very extraordinary way; at least, we are told by acute observers that under such circumstances it turns to Bay, and we are aware, from our own experience, that its usual hue is a grizzly brindle. Its cry is more difficult to describe than its Hue, however, being neither a grunt nor a whistle; and it possesses this in common with the ordinary pig of these latitudes, that when it runs about in a shower with straws in its mouth rain may with certainty be predicted. Cruel sporting men often amuse themselves by baiting this plucky little pig with their savage dogs. The method is to place little Piggy in a long box, with an aperture at one end, so as to represent a burrow. Terriers are then set on, to drag him from his den, which he defends with great courage and pertinacity, and often to the discomfiture of the dogs. We have seen him compelled to succumb to the attacks of the American Terrier, before now, but not until the latter had experienced some reverses in the conflict and bled pretty freely. Indeed an Irish gentleman was heard to remark on the occasion, that when the A. T. undertook to bait the M. P. it was by no means certain whether the latter would not bate *him*. But Providence ruled it otherwise, and Piggy retired to his cavern, or, in other and finer words, caved in.

As a proof of the great purpose with which the Mexican Pig is endowed, it is authentically stated that when a drove of these creatures happen to tree a man in the Spring time of the year, when birds do sweetly sing, they will remain about the foot of the tree until the Fall, when all that's bright must fade and come whirling down to the ground, upon which they eat it.

Lately three men came along with their dogs, and thought to have a little sport with the Mexican Pig. An English Bull-dog and Spanish Pointer first went in; but the former soon discovered that Pig iron was injurious to the teeth, while the latter, although Piggy was Game, declined to come to the Point. Then the third sporting man, one LEWIS NAPOLEON, who keeps a well-known crib known as the Tooraloos, went in with his great French Poodle, which he thinks a sight of ever since he whipped an evergrown Russian Wolf-hound with him. The match came off at a place called Pueblo, and so did a considerable quantity of the large French Poodle's ears and tail, which gave him a very cur-tailed appearance indeed, as he backed out of Piggy's box, and skedaddled away to his master. They say that Mrs. NAPOLEON gave her husband, LEWIS, a tremendous wigging that night when he returned home to the Tooraloos, telling him that he got too much pork for his Napoleon when he undertook to worry Mexican Pig.

A Pious Young Man

The Washington correspondent of the *Daily Times* gives way to the following burst of *ennui*:

"A very dull Sabbath, interrupted by no war news of importance, and stirred by no startling rumors."

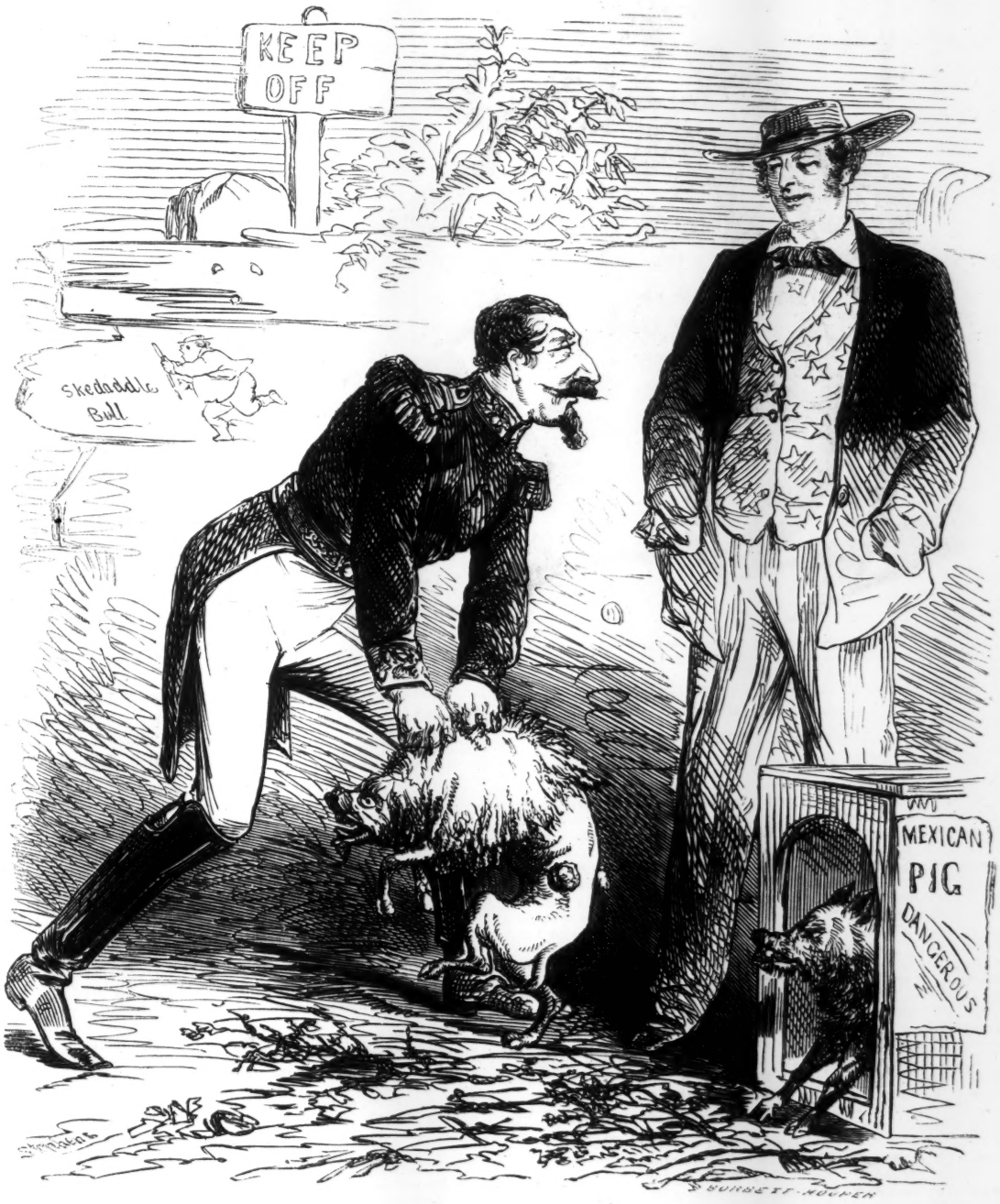
Here is a fine prospect for well-brought-up folks. By the time this war is over, most persons will have become so morbid in their appetites that good, plain, old-fashioned Sabbath will have no attraction for them. A Sunday without a battle will be like soup without pepper, or brandy smash with the Cognac left out. Where are the Police?

A Chance for Jeff Davis.

Advices from Naples announce the destruction of all the principal bands of brigands in that country. This makes an opening for DAVIS & Co. which we hope they will improve.

Change of Name.

We understand that in consequence of his protestations, and his denial that he has turned traitor, the name of BEN WOOD is to be changed to BEN WOULDN'T.



JONATHAN'S ADVICE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE YOUR DOG HOME?"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

MISS JAGGER DOESN'T SEE WHY THE MEN SHOULD MONOPOLIZE ALL THE POLISH.

GAY YOUNG FLOWERS.

Some lacerated man has been complaining, through the *Evening Express*, that the Central Park Police will not allow him and his little boys to gambol friskily about the Park with bouquets or floral accessories of any kind in their possession. The hardship of this case affected us more than we are willing to acknowledge. That a gentleman who had purchased a rose in Fulton Market, attached it to the breast of his paletôt, and proceeded to Central Park to astonish the gardeners with it, should then be obliged to snatch it from its position and crush it ruthlessly into his tail-pocket, appeared to us to be nothing short of atrocious. The liberty of the citizen would soon be nowhere, thought we, if this kind of thing is allowed to go on. "Who built the Central Park, or made it or whatever you call it?" exclaimed we, fiercely, addressing a coat, waistcoat, and pair of trousers that hung up behind our door. "Why We did, for one," continued we, replying to our own question, as the garments alluded to made no responsive sign. "And shall We, part owner of the Central Park, tamely submit to be dictated to by the authorities of that pleasant resort, upon the subject of our personal adornment? We shall see."

Actuated by these feelings, a cigar, two cock-tails, a cup of strong coffee and a sulphur bath, we strode vigorously to a spot we know of, where we purchased a large and magnificent bouquet, consisting of two camellias, a peony, a japonica, three hydrangias, a couple of water-lilies and a passion-flower. We then drove in a coach and four to the verge of the Park, where we alighted, and, entering the sacred precincts, began promenading majestically through a conspicuous portion of the grounds, with our bouquet prominently displayed.

Several little boys winked at us as they passed, and we thought that the Park Police would do the same, perhaps, on account of our rank and station in society; but we were mistaken, though.

"Where did you get them flowers?" asked one of the grey-coated guardians, approaching us with a frightful scowl. "You pulled them among the rocks, I'll bet," added he, with ready malignity—"up among the bushes where you thought nobody see you."

"'Pon honor, no," replied we, in our Park manner; "these flowers are our private property, paid for out of our own trousers-pocket, pinned by ourselves to our own paletôt, and, therefore, nobody's business but ours.

"Come, none of that gammon," said the policeman, politely; "that's been done before; you must have a good deal of cheek to tell *me* that them ere flowers wasn't pulled in this here Park. Just dry up, now, and come along with me."

Instead of accepting this invitation, however, we threw ourselves into one of those graceful pugilistic attitudes displayed occasionally by Mr. ISRAEL LAZARUS, and called upon the policeman to "come on." The policeman came on. It might be tedious to relate what subsequently occurred; but we will just state that when we returned to town—which was immediately—we did not travel in a coach and four, but in a cart. Neither were we driven to our princely residence, but straight to a Police Court, into which we were ushered without much left upon us to speak of except the bouquet, which still dangled from a torn button-hole.

The magistrate did not recognize us. He mechanically performed the Rogue's March with his fingers upon the desk as he scanned our wild attire. Then, having heard the charge of the policeman, which was that we had stolen flowers from the Central Park, he remarked that nothing was more likely; that we looked fully capable of perpetrating that, or any other crime; that these practices must be put a stop to by the vigorous hand of the law; that a man who steals one flower will steal a barrel of flour; did we have any idea of a future state, that we tampered with forbidden flowers? and, finally, what had we to say to the charge against us?

"Nothing, my lord," replied we, with sarcastic deference, "except that these flowers did not grow in the Central Park, or any other park, neither were they plucked by us or any other man."

Here there was a preceptible sensation in the Court. The weird mystery contained in our words appeared to strike coldly at the hearts of all, and an aged female who was up on a charge of repeated intoxication fell heavily to the floor.

"Take him away!" cried the magistrate, hastily, "lock him up for future reference; put him in chains!"

"Thank you, my lord," said we," but about the bouquet?"

"Ha! I had forgotten—the bouquet is contraband property, and therefore confiscate to me; hand it over."

"I wish you joy of it, my lord," said we, with a ready tear pretending to glisten in our eye: "may you be happy with it—bless you!" and we handed him the gorgeous wreath.

As we turned to leave the Court, we perceived him turning pale.

"Wha-wa-wat is thi-thi-this?" said he tremulously, "these f-f-flowers are nothing but wa-wa-wax!"

"Cloth, my lord, not wax, 'pon honor," returned we, resuming our very best Park manner—"we took it for granted that you are already waxinated, else we should have provided a ceraceous bouquet for you instead."

Here a sudden gleam of light shot across the magistrate's mind, as the blood rushed again to his face.

"VANITY FAIR, by thunder!" shouted he, "let me beg—"

We won't bore the reader with the long and ample apology dealt out to us by that magistrate. He turned out to be a good fellow, and we had four drinks with him ere we parted.

Now, from the manner in which we commenced this narrative, the reader must naturally expect that there is a moral, or "tag," belonging to it; and perhaps there is. Nay, there are several. One is that the Central Park authorities ought to publish some definite rule about the display of flowers in buttonholes. Perhaps our gentle readers will be so good as to hunt up the others for themselves.

Cool.

A single United States ship of War, the *Santee*, quietly appeared before the mighty city of Galveston, opened its persuading ports, and murmured with the melody of a first class poet, "Surrender!"

Just one ship, and nothing more.

Of course the cavaliers, on the wharves, set up a howl concerning "the last ditch."

Here the telegraphic curtain fell on the scene. But we know that when the remainder of the fleet heave in sight, the Old Flag will gracefully insinuate itself on the balmy air of Texas, without any farther trouble.

It is the coolest affair of the season—that one ship!

So cool that they will not need any ice in Galveston for a month.

We think we suited them too well when we suited them to a San-T.

Horrible Insinuation.

Flour has been manufactured out of bones; milk *is* manufactured out of chalk and worse; allowing which to be facts, may we not be pardoned the suspicion that Corn meal is indebted for its existence to the Chiropodist?

GIN AND BITTERS

Says Mrs. Brown to Brown, who is off for the Adirondacks.—"SCHNAPPS MAY BE THE STAFF OF LIFE, MY DEAR, IF YOU SAY IT, BUT IT'S A STAFF AS THEM WHO DEPENDS ON MOST COMES TO THE GROUND WUST."

Winter (Garden) Weather.

The Great Psychomanteantinnabulator, Professor ANDERSON, informs the public that the "Wizard's Tempest," now in full blast at the Winter Garden, is "Hailed every night with Tornadoes of Gesticulated Ecstacy."

An excitable friend of ours was so wrought upon by the idea of such a meteorological combination, that he said he supposed "it must be seen to be witnessed." He is now up at Blackwell's Island for six months, for outraging humanity and Mr. GAYLER by shouting that "such a Tempest could not have Arose without a Thorne."

Fancy Wood-work.

BEN WOOD is undergoing the very necessary process of being polished off by the Judiciary Committee of the House, the instrument selected by which tribunal for the purpose is a File—of the *Daily News*.

Sound Advice.

"If ever you should be sent out to take Soundings, Jerry," said the Skipper to the Landlubber, "be sure that your vessel is fitted out with a steam Calliope."

Man and Beast.

Like as this world is unto the Man, so also is it unto the Horse—a world of Wo!

The best ships for cutting-out service.

Clippers.

A grievance for Mr. Greeley.

Monte Negro has been whipped by the Turks.

A VOICE

FROM THE POUND-AND-A-HALF BABY.

Ah goo! behold in a babe at the breast,
The embodied mite of the mighty West;
For a prize my parents they entered me,
And their enterprise paid surprisingly.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

For, small as I am, and but eight months old,
I have carried off twice my weight in gold,
Which is more than was done, I'll bet a fip,
At that early age, by the great WINDSHIP.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

A lady's necklace will make me a swing,
I can put my leg through my mother's ring,
The veriest dwarflings to me sing small,
And dub me "Young Infinitesimal."
Ah goo! Ah goo!

I'm only a shrimplet, but, dash my wig!
I eclipsed at BARNUM's the Baby biz;
Yes, out of joint I soon put the nose
Of that largest of infants adipose.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

A thousand dollars! it makes me laugh
All through and through my pound-and-a-half,
To think that my being so light and frail,
Should thus in my favor have turned the scale.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

The handsome Baby—it took a prize,
But in Beauty I distanced as well as size.
Among all the children a thing *per se*,
A 1 of the Pigmy Infantry.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

Tickled to death, were my Pa and Ma,
When they bagged the tin with so much *éclat*,
The day of Small Things they inly blessed,
And they hope for more, if the Lord thinks best.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

They call me duckey—the old Foo Foos,
And response I make with my soft Ah goos!
Yet I reckon the fondness they show for me,
Can be traced to the check of one P. T. B.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

I know why they nurse me with anxious care,
But I won't be a show 'less I have my share;
This child, if they're sordid, and won't divide,
Will ruin their prospects by suicide.
Ah goo! Ah goo!

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Atlantic Monthly: July, 1865. *Boston:* TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

With this number, the *Atlantic* enters upon its Tenth Volume. Cornered as we are just when it has come to hand, the only article in it to which we have been able to devote any attention is that by Mr. EPES SARGENT, entitled "Ericsson and his Inventions." This is a subject for today—also for tomorrow—yet more also for the *Atlantic* or any other "big thing."

Game Fish of the Northern States of America, and British Provinces: By Barnwell. New York: CARLETON, 413 *Broadway*.

The only objection we have to this very entertaining book is that it dissatisfies us with ourselves. All is not fish that comes to us—no, not by a great deal, notwithstanding the very "scaly" character of certain communications frequently received by us. We sigh for a day at the Sea Trout, while we never expect to See Trout again. BARNWELL reminds us that our lines are cast in anything but pleasant places. The even Tenor of our way is disturbed by BARNWELL'S Bass. BARNWELL'S artificial flies are gallinippers to us. *O! rus quando, &c.*

About a Floral Correspondence 88
About Somebody 142
Abolition Dead March (The) 164
Abo Bo Lition 176
Abe and Abolition 274
Academy of Music 307
Advertisement 303
Advertisement Extraordinary 309
After All 263
Age of Paper 133
Amusements of the King 63
American Liberty Bird to the Black Eagle of Austria (The) 139
Amusements 189
American Institute Farmer's Club 238
Another Patterson in the Field 296
Another Boston Motion 304
Approaching Baby Show (The) 267
Apple Sauce 266
Artistic Shell (An) 141
Article by Our Strategy Editor 193
Artemus Ward in Washington 199
At Last 106
A Quarter of Twelve 235, 267, 259, 271, 285
A Voice 314
Baby-talk 74
Ballad of Fort Henry (The) 111
Battle of Hampton Roads (The) 159
Bath Oriental 183
Balloon Reconnoisance 205
Baby Bazaar (The) 283
Bellows vs. Bellum 37
Bells! Bells! Bells! 195
Between You and Me and the Post 243
Bitter End (The) 137
Bothered Legislator (A) 91
Boston Miscellaneously Jubilant 105
Bosom Friend (A) 105
Boston Alarmed 213
Boston Cracker (A) 214
Buncombe 244
Black vs. White 123
Blast from the Golden Horn (A) 171
Blare from Blair (A) 214
Blowing up of the Merrimac (The) 248

CARTOONS.

Blind Man's Buff 1
Mrs. Columbia Shows little Jeff. Davis his Christmas Tree 9
Old Mother Bull to Little Secesh 17
The Knife Thrower 22
Thunder and Small Beer 29
Quashuboo Bull 35
The Good Patient 40
The Philistines are upon thee, Samson! 45
Complimentary to Mason and Slidell 53
Corcoran in a Southern Prison 59
A Sketch in the Virginia Legislature 65
Gorilla Britannicus 71
A Boston view of Gov. Andrews 77
The Queen of Secession 89
Amusements in Wall Street 95
An Old Friend with a New Face 101
The Split up of Jeff. Davis 107
The Southern Enfans Perdus 113
The Nephew of his Uncle 119
Jenny Twicher Floyd 125
Assaulted by the Press Gang 131
A Nod that ought to be as good as a Wink 137
Louis Napoleon Cooking his Pot Pourri 143
Brudder Greeley on the Crisis 148
The Blight-Spell 154
Johnny Bull and the Monitor 161
Bombastes at the South 167
Co-operation 173
Our Sentiments 179
The Situation 185
Last Blast of the Brazen Trumpet 192
Henry Ward Beecher 197
The Highly Intelligent Contraband 203
William C. Bryant 209
How happy could I be with either 215
Gov. Andrew 221
The New Frankenstein 227
The Great (In) Censor of the Public Press 233
I shall Push the Enemy to the Wall 238
This is Where the Laugh Comes In 251
Parson Brownlow 257
Norfolk is Ours 263
Oliver W. Holmes 269
Gov. Andrew's School for the Mass. Soldier 275
James T. Brady 281
Two much Elephant. 287
Nathaniel Parker Willis 293
The Old Clothes of the North 299
General Benjamin F. Butler 305
Jonathan's Advice to Louis Napoleon 311

Cabinet Conversation Pieces 12. 27. 50. 217.
Can these things be? 61
Cabs 82
Cavilling at Cavalry, (The) 128
Caveat 184
Can't help but do it. 190
Catechism for Young Journalists (A) 223
Censorship (The) 195
City Judge (The) 208
Cockney on Flags (The) 22
Confessions of a Reporter 7
Cotton and Corn 8
Contractor's Plaint (The) 73
Confessions of an Omnibus Horse 92. 109. 121. 133.
Confederate Carnival 121
Cock a-doodle-do-o-o! 124
Comic Statesman (The) 178
Confederate Diplomacy hard up 231
Contributors to Barnum's Dog Show 242
Country (The) 261
Charming Naivete of Sinners 68
Charming Correspondent (A) 151
Cheerful Times down South 56
Clar de Kitchen 44
Davis' Dream 52
Dastard of Donelson (The) 115
Dark Illusion 134
Davis, Jack 146
Davis Decorations (The) 277
Death song of an Omnibus Horse 52
Desperate Character (A) 176
Devil to V. F. (The) 200
De Clouet—a History 260
Dinners vs. Charters 111
Diplomatic Delicacies 298
Disorder and Complaint (A) 188
Distressing from the South 189
Doctor Ives 91
Dreadful Dramatic Drivel 223
Dream of a War Office Employe (The) 296
Earl Russell on the Blockade 109
End-man Brady 51
Epigram 134
Ethan Spike on the Merrimac 280
Even in her Ashes live her Wonted Fires 226
Exact Whereabouts of the Sumter (The) 56
Everlasting Last Will (An) 250
English Sailor Covers Himself with Imperishable Glory (An) 25
Extraordinary Burst of Economy in High Circles 85
Extraordinary Matter (An) 163
Explosion of the Merrimac (The) 280
Fall of Mighty Memphis (The) 295
Fame 303
Families Supplied 20
Fast M. C. (A) 86
Father Jonathan to the Country Publishers, 80
Few Sanitary Suggestions (A) 39
February 85
Felicitous Fortress Monroe Despatch (The) 231
Fighting the Tiger 62
Fiends and Ghouls 159
Fitz James O'Brien 190
Fogie Old (The) 177
Flight of Wild Geese (A) 218
Flight of the Chiefs (The) 243
From Governor's Island 57
Gideon 196
Gay Young Flowers 313
Governor of Virginia going to the Bad (The) 69
Grave of Rebellion (The) 296
Great Exhibition of Nitrous Oxide Gas 98
Golden opportunities 153
Gone 202
Gone In 244
Going to the Dogs 249
Gov. Andrew on Patriotism 244
Grand agricultural Schemes 129
Hardee Made Easy 12. 26. 33
Hackley's Conscience 97
Herald on Gentle Sports (The) 61
Heather and Weather 100
Hemp Crop (The) 253
Hint to Poets (A) 123
Hickory Nut for the Herald (A) 183
Horse, Foot and Artillery 29. 57. 69. 86. 93. 105. 117
Horrible Goings-on in England 56
Horrid Torrid 309
How the Government can Economise 85
How the Taking of New Orleans took in New Orleans 231
Home Guard's Complaint (The) 290
How Are You Munchausen? 291
Humble Bee (The) 310
Impossibilities of the Fancy Dress Ball 11
Important Letter (An) 140
Important Movements 279
Idea (An) 26
Independent and other Views 63
Innocent Snow. 74
Inconstant (The) 83
Independent at the Bar (The) 160
Information Wanted 184
Interesting Bits of Information for the Secretary of the Navy 212
Interviews with our Aggrieved Subjects 232
It Smells of the Shop 270
Jeff. Davis, his Mark, 62
Jeff. Davis as a Humorist 257
Jeff's Proclamation 255
Jonathan on the late Surrender of Mason and Slidell 25
Jonathan on the American Eagle 64
" " Mean Men 237
" " the Late War News 109
" " the Rampage 145
Jonathan's Dream 193
" General Views 284
Journey of a Rebel Officer 308
Judgment on the Journal (A) 75
Judicial Decision 128
Katonah 118